

PROFESSOR STIMSON'S STORY OF THE KIND OF A MAN A TRAITOR IS MADE OF

BENEDICT ARNOLD WAS A PACIFIST AFTER HIS NOTORIOUS TREASON

Some Modern Men in Danger of Reversing the Process—F. J. Stimson's Notable Life of Peggy Shippen's Husband

"ARE Senator La Follette and the other pacifists guilty of treason?" Miss Ames asked in a pause in our discussion of the activities of pro-Germans.

"Point to the British armies?" Doctor McFabre asked. "I believe he did say something about a reconciliation between the colonies and the king," said I, "but nobody took him seriously in this matter."

"That is a fine quality in human nature that revolts at traitors and treason," remarked Doctor McFabre. "We always respect the man who keeps faith even to his own hurt. I confess that with all my efforts to be tolerant I find it difficult to forgive those persons who, from an excessive sensitiveness of conscience which makes them late force, will do all in their power, short of absolute treason, to hamper the Government in its conduct of war."

"You are not wrong," said Miss Ames. "I am only a woman, but I am not so lenient as Mr. Owen. The pro-German pacifists are traitors even if they have not been guilty of an overt act—is that the right way to say it?"

"I dare you to try," she challenged. "Let's not start a law school here," I objected. "We were talking of treason and traitors. I hope that there will be no occasion for the world to consider the case of another Benedict Arnold. One is enough. I have been reading about Arnold lately. F. J. Stimson, a Boston lawyer, who is or was a lecturer in the Harvard Law School, has written a mighty interesting book about the traitor. It is in the form of an autobiography. Its publishers call it a historical novel. Didn't somebody once say that historical novels were unsatisfactory, for the reason that they were neither history nor fiction?"

"I don't know who it was," said Doctor McFabre, "but I think he was about right."

"There are some notable exceptions," said Owen.

"Mr. Stimson's novel would never be mistaken for fiction," said I. "It reads as if it were actually the work of Arnold himself. There are errors of fact in it which Arnold might have fallen into, and there is an unconscious revelation of the defects of the man's character which he would have disclosed if he had done the writing himself. But there is an anachronism here and there for which Mr. Stimson himself is to blame. For example, he makes Arnold speak of himself, after his treason, as a pacifist. So far as I can discover—and I have consulted several unabridged dictionaries—this word did not come into use until within the last five or ten years. It appears in only one dictionary, and there it is in a supplement published in 1914. Perhaps Mr. Stimson uses the word so as to suggest that some of the moderns are in danger of becoming traitors through their pacifism. He has Arnold say in another place that the Hessians fought like Germans and not like Englishmen, and he describes the atrocities of which they were guilty in New Jersey. This is Mr. Stimson's comment provoked by the Boche atrocities in the present war, for Arnold would not have made it."

"Were the Hessians really guilty of atrocities?" Miss Ames wanted to know. "Undoubtedly," said I. "You will be



MRS. BENEDICT ARNOLD (PEGGY SHIPPEN) AND HER DAUGHTER From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

LATEST PRODUCT OF LOCAL POETS

Harvey M. Watts Writes of War and Robert Norwood of Religion

Admirers of the work of Harvey M. Watts will be delighted with a little volume of his war verse which has appeared under the title of "Over There." It contains twenty-six different pieces grouped according to the subject. Seven deal with the departure of the troops. There are three sonnets on festival days, four on the Kaiser, seven on his victims and four on the dead.

Everything in the volume is tinged by the temperamental characteristics of Mr. Watts. He is a man of such marked individuality that it would be impossible to conceive his producing different kind of verse. It will establish on firmer ground the reputation which he has already made.

The Rev. Robert W. Norwood, rector of the Memorial Church of St. Paul at Overbrook, has won a reputation as a poet under the name of Robert Norwood. He is an evident admirer of Mrs. Browning, for he has followed her lead in many ways. His first volume was "His Lady of the Sonnets," a collection of thirty sonnets addressed to his wife after the manner of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Then he published "The Witch of Endor," a blank verse drama of Saul. His latest volume is "The Pines and the Reed," the title poem of which suggests Mrs. Browning. When he has written longer he may develop a more original note.

OVER THERE, Poems of Appreciation, Commemoration and Lullabies, by Harvey M. Watts. The Pines and the Reed, by Robert Norwood. The Pines and the Reed, by Robert Norwood. Philadelphia: George H. Doran Company, \$1.25.

Pranks of the Senator's Son

From grave to gay the transition is easy enough, as Montgomery Rollins clearly demonstrates in the latest product of a pen which his publishers explain has furnished "many books of a more serious nature." It is hard for the reader of "The Villager" to realize that the author, has given to the financial notes and sundry profound discussions that have had respectful attention from men immersed in weighty affairs of business, "A Story of David," which is the subtitle of Mr. Rollins's rollicking yarn, that he has not only written a story, but moved and had his being in the Washington, D. C., of some thirty years ago. David is the irrepressible son of a deeply burdened and at the same time deeply disconcerting Uncle Sam Senator of the old school, and from the very first chapter the youth is seen storming the high halls of state, unharmed and undaunted amid perils before which his elders might have been excused for quailing. This lively though mischievous and uproarious young person careers through the national capital with utter disregard of hair-raising experiences that fall to his lot and that of his intrepid companions, to say nothing of the elder statesmen of his time, including his sagacious and not altogether unsympathetic father. The coolness and versatility with which David plans his campaign, and the philosophy with which he invariably meets the reckoning, prove him a literal chip of the old block, and the pranks he plays and the events which win him his sobriquet of "the village pest" are of a quality calculated to make the mature reader of Mr. Rollins's story feel again the thrill of the deathless days of happy and irresponsible boyhood.

THE VILLAGER PEST, A story of David, by Montgomery Rollins. Illustrated by J. Henry Houston. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, \$1.25.

One Beat Too Few

William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer, whose first essay in the Besant-Rice or Frockman-Christian school of fiction in "Via Wireless," ran from a short story to a play and then to a novel, have collaborated again in a novel, "The Indian Days." Between came another job effort, "The Blind Man's Eyes," a vigorous story the merits of which are not nullified by saying that the authors have surpassed them in this season's authorial books.

ONE BEAT TOO FEW, A story of David, by William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, \$1.25.

Frightfulness in Fiction

There is no doubt that a nameless terror hung over the people of rural England when German frightfulness began to be manifested by air raids on peaceful villages and when gas began to be used in the trenches early in the war. The descendants of the people who during the Napoleonic wars believed that the Corsican had a baby served up for his breakfast every day were ready to believe that the Russians in the war were responsible for every untoward thing happening in the country. Arthur Machen, who delights in the weird and gruesome, has put this feeling of the British into a novel. He has men and women found dead in the roadways with no apparent clue to the murder. He has a whole household of people found starved to death because they dared not go out of doors—a record is left by one of the victims. He describes the appearance at night of mysterious clouds near the ground, shot through with lights, and suggests that German spies living underground have produced a gas that sets men and animals wild and leads them to do terrible things. The story is interesting as a study in the psychology of terror.

THE FRIGHTFULNESS, A story by Arthur Machen. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, \$1.25.

HOPE HELD OUT FOR OLD MAIDS

Benson's Novel of Mature Love a Gentle Satire of Great Charm

Imagine yourself before the war in a pleasant English village in Sussex not far from the sea. Imagine an elderly becomer, the brilliant programmatic author of "Dodo," describing how these lives react upon one another. If the reader well versed in modern fiction can think of anything that would give greater pleasure in certain respects than the mature love of Benson, unfortunately for those who seek agreeable diversion, it is not necessary to imagine these things, for Mr. Benson has written in a novel in which he has done what is indicated in the preceding sentences, "The Tortoise," as he calls the book, is delightful.

The story is told with a gentle satire that shows the softening effect of the years upon the author's morbid wit. It is really a novel, a study of the psychology of the mature. The love affair of the boy and girl is introduced to show how the fires of early passion have burned low in a man of forty and a woman of thirty-five who were on the verge of marriage when they were much younger. The man drew back out of respect to the wishes of his mother, who could not bring herself to consent to her son's marriage with a woman of thirty-five who was on the verge of marriage when they were much younger. The man drew back out of respect to the wishes of his mother, who could not bring herself to consent to her son's marriage with a woman of thirty-five who was on the verge of marriage when they were much younger.

The Other Side

There are always two sides to every question, and the engine of history is no exception. The British device in teaching the events of the Revolutionary War or the Boer War, not to mention the Indian campaigns, is to give a realization of the mistakes made in the military administration of this country. The author's intention is to prove the necessity and sanity of the conscription act.

November Magazines

No more satisfactory article on original rugs has been produced than that which Arthur Urbane Dilley contributes to the November Country Life. It tells the busy household exactly what he wants to know about the rugs on his floor. It is illustrated with pictures of thirty-five different kinds of rugs in colors. Mr. Dilley says that there are only six different types with characteristics so easily distinguishable that a person of ordinary intelligence can tell the difference among them in an hour. It will take less than an hour to read Mr. Dilley's article and when one has finished it and studied the illustrations he will have a pretty good general knowledge of the subject. The magazine also contains a description of a bachelor's house, a study in architectural gardens, an article on the wire-haired pointing griffon and another on fox hunting, besides the usual departments.

THE UNPOPULAR HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES BY HENRY SAMPSON

THE UNPOPULAR HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES BY HENRY SAMPSON. Edited by Harold Dickinson. George H. Doran Company, \$1.50.

The Countess of Warwick writes of King Charles I. in the balance and Charles Ferguson also writes of the same subject. There is an excellent commentary on the best plays of the autumn season by Clayton Hamilton, and Frederick Dean writes of opera in America. The number also contains the usual group of well-considered reviews of current books.

Those who are following events in Russia should read the article on Kerensky and the revolution, by E. H. Wilcox, in the November Atlantic Monthly. It is an admirable study of the man and his methods with illuminating comments on the Russian situation. Andre Cherdamine writes on the fallacy of a German peace in an authoritative manner and Carleton H. Parker discusses the I. W. W. There are two sonnets by Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador in Washington, on the St. Pauls' students' monument at Rock Creek Cemetery and a poem by Arthur Symonds. Mrs. John Howard Green, the widow of the British historian, discusses the Irish convention, and Bernard Shaw writes of the meaning of the new religion of Mr. W. U. There are short stories by the Rev. Arthur Russell Taylor, of York, Pa., and by Margaret Lynn, the serial "Professor's Progress" is continued.

The Day Before Her Wedding Day

She found out her fiance was another woman's lover. What should she do?

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